CAPTAIN AMERICA

NO. 51

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DECEMBER COMICS

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN "MYSTERY OF THE ATOMIC BOOMERANG!"

THE TERROR CAME FROM EVERYWHERE ... YET SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE ... RAKING UP TERRIBLE HOLOCAUSTS OF WHOLESALE MURDER AND DESTRUCTION! WITH EVERY STEP A STEP CLOSER TO LURKING DEATH, COURAGEOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA DELVES INTO THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF

THE ATOMIC BOOMERANG!

STEVE AND BUCKY ARE WITH AMERICAN FORCES WHO HAVE JUST TAKEN OVER AN IMPORTANT JAPANESE ISLAND.

GOSH WE TOOK THIS ISLAND WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!

HMM, DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY JAPS AROUND, EITHER!

KA-BOOM

SECONDS LATER

HOLY COW! W-WAS THAT A BOOBY TRAP GOING OFF?

TOO BIG AN EXPLOSION FOR THAT!

A-ANOTHER ONE! MAYBE IT'S AN AIR-ATTACK!

MIGHTY STRANGE, BUCKY THE EXPLOSIONS SEEM TO HAVE COME FROM NOWHERE!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER ORDERS EVERY FRAGMENT OF DEBRIS ANALYZED. BUT.....

SORRY, SIR, WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE TO WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSIONS!

KEEP TRYING! THEY DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN BY THEMSELVES!

HREE DAYS LATER ANOTHER FRENZIED PATTERN OF EXPLOSIONS BURSTS FORTH!

WH-WHERE'LL THEY COME FROM NEXT?

THESE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS CAN RUIN THE MORALE OF EVERY AMERICAN SOLDIER LEFT ON THIS ISLAND!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING THEM!

THAT MEANS WORK FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

EVERY EXPLOSION HAS BEEN IN A CLEARING WHERE MEN OR MACHINES WERE PLACED!

BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANY JAPS YET!

THERE ARE JAPS AROUND SOMEWHERE AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE AREA THAT WE CLEARED THIS MORNING!

T THAT MOMENT!

THE EXPLOSIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND WILL KEEP THE AMERICAN PIGS OCCUPIED!

MEANWHILE, WE CAN DO OUR WORK. YES, PROFESSOR RUDO!

JUST THEN

YOU WERE RIGHT CAP! LOOK!

I-IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

MAYBE YOU'LL RECOGNIZE MY FIST, TOO!

HERE'S A LITTLE AMERICAN-MADE EXPLOSION!

AWAY! QUICK! THE "ATOM-WATER" WILL EXPLODE!

AFTER HIM!

SUDDENLY

BOOM!

YOU ALL RIGHT, BUCKY?

YES--BUT THE REST OF THE JAPS GOT AWAY!

W-WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, CAP! THEY DROPPED A LOT OF THAT "ATOM-WATER" AROUND!

THAT STUFF IS CAUSING THE EXPLOSIONS ALL RIGHT!

IT'S FUNNY THAT THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY EXPLOSIONS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS!

THOSE DAYS WERE EITHER CLOUDY OR RAINY! EXPLOSIONS COME ONLY ON SUNDAYS!

THERE'S SOME SORT OF CHEMICAL REACTION BETWEEN THE SUN AND THAT ATOM-WATER BUT...

CAP! SOMETHING'S GLEAMING OVER THERE!

ONLY A MAGNIFYING GLASS! SOME GI MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! I'D HOPED IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CLUE!

SUDDENLY

ANOTHER EXPLOSION! WE'D BETTER FIND THOSE JAPS IN A HURRY OR EVERY AMERICAN ON THIS ISLAND WILL BE DEAD!

MEANING US, TOO!

BOOM

LET'S FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE EXPLOSIONS! THAT OUGHT TO LEAD US IN THE DIRECTION OF THE JAP HIDE OUT!

THE EXPLOSIONS WILL RID THIS ISLAND OF AMERICANS!

AS SOON AS THAT IS DONE WE SHALL USE THE "ATOM-WATER" ON OTHER ISLANDS WHERE THE AMERICANS HAVE LANDED!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, IN A SPECIALLY-PREPARED UNDERGROUND CAVE.....

SOON - THERE WILL BE NO MORE AMERICAN LANDINGS!

YOU'RE WRONG!

WE'RE LANDING ON YOU...

...RIGHT NOW!

TRY A LITTLE STOM WATER ON YOUR HEAD! IT MAKES THE EARS GROW!

LOOK CAP! I'M STARTING TO CHANGE THE MAP OF JAPAN!

...UNSEEN, THE TREACHEROUS PROFESSOR RUDO PICKS UP A LARGE GLASS VAT, AND...

MAKE CERTAIN YOU BIND THEM WELL!

WE WILL, PROFESSOR RUDO!

LATER...

YOU KNOW THE SECRET OF THE EXPLOSIONS, CAPTAIN AMERICA ...BUT YOU SHALL CARRY IT WITH YOU TO YOUR GRAVE!

VERY CLEVER, PROFESSOR RUDO! BY USING THE "ATOM-WATER" YOU SAVE THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS AND WEAPONS FOR FIGHTING US!

EXACTLY!

AT THE SAME TIME, YOU HOPE TO RAISE JAPANESE MORALE ON THE HOME FRONT!

BUT WHY ARE THERE NO CLUES?

BECAUSE OF MY CLEVERNESS, HA! THE SUN'S RAYS EVAPORATE THE ATOM-WATER AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF THE EXPLOSION!

SINCE YOU KNOW ABOUT MY "ATOM-WATER"--I SHALL GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE OF HOW IT WORKS! TAKE THEM OUTSIDE!

WITH PLEASURE, PROFESSOR RUDO!

SOON--

HERE IS A NICE SUNNY PLACE!

YES! IT IS A SAFE DISTANCE FROM OUR HONORABLE LABORATORY!

YOW! THEY'RE DROPPING THAT LIQUID EXPLOSIVE ALL AROUND US!

NOW WE SPREAD THE "ATOM-WATER" BY HAND BUT ONCE THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL COMMAND RECOGNIZES ITS VALUE WE SHALL DROP IT FROM PLANES!

GOODBYE, CAPTAIN AMERICA... WE LEAVE TO CONTINUE OUR WORK ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

I HAVE LEFT YOU A VIAL OF "ATOM-WATER". YOU CAN ANALYZE IT... AFTER THE EXPLOSION! HA!

TH-THIS IS ONE SUNBATH I-I DON'T ENJOY AT ALL!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO-BUCKY!

RELENTLESSLY, THE HOT TROPICAL SUN BEATS DOWN ON AMERICA'S GREATEST FIGHTERS FOR DEMOCRACY -- BRINGING THEM CLOSER TO DEATH WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND

SUDDENLY!

BUCKY!

THAT MAGNIFYING GLASS THAT YOU PICKED UP WHERE IS IT?

INSIDE OF MY BELT!

WISELY CAPTAIN AMERICA CONCENTRATES THE SUN'S RAYS ON THE HEAVY ROPES...

S-GOSH... IF THE ATOMWATER EVAPORATES BEFORE THAT ROPE BURNS THROUGH

A USEFUL SECONDS LATER...

CAP! CAP! THE ROPE'S BURNING!

FREE! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, BUCKY!

H-HURRY UP!

W-WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT EXPLOSION!

WIFTLY CAPTAIN AMERICA HURLS THE VIAL TO RUDO'S LABORATORY ENTRANCE!

NOW HE CAN USE IT FOR A DOORMAT!

LET'S TAKE THAT VIAL OF "ATOM-WATER"

NO! IT MAY BE ONE OF PROFESSOR RUDO'S TRICKS!

SUDDENLY!

BOOOM!

WOW! W-WE GOT AWAY JUST IN TIME!

...MEANWHILE...

THE EXPLOSION!

THAT'S THE **END** OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!

NO... PROFESSOR RUDO!

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

KILL HIM!

LET'S GIVE 'EM A BLACKOUT WHILE THE **SUN SHINES**, CAP!

YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE MY MEN, EITHER!

HE'S KILLING THE JAPS!

KIND OF SAVES US THE TROUBLE!

NOW THEY CAN TELL NO TALES ABOUT MY FORMULA FOR THE "ATOM-MATED"!

UP AND "ATOM", BUCKY!

GOOD! I WANT THEM TO FOLLOW!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ENTRANCE TO HIS UNDERGROUND LABORATORY! LET'S HURRY!

NOT SO FAST, PAL!

I HAVE A REASON!

YOU ARE AFRAID TO FOLLOW ME! HA! YOU ARE AFRAID OF MY JAPANESE CUNNING!

...T THAT INSTANT THE LAST DROP OF "ATOM-WATER" THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA THREW INTO RUDD'S SECRET ENTRANCE... EVAPORATES!

...AND THE EXPLOSION CATCHES PROFESSOR RUDO

BOOOM!

MOMENTS LATER ...

...HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE JAP'S "ATOM-WATER". I FOUND IT UNDER ONE OF THE JAPS PROF RUDO SHOT!

AMERICA IS MILES AHEAD OF THE JAPS! YOU SEE...

...WE'VE JUST PERFECTED SOMETHING CALLED THE ATOMIC BOMB! IT WILL END THE WAR IMMEDIATELY!

AND IN THE MEANTIME, THE JAP'S "ATOM-WATER" HAS BEEN A BOON- IT'S KILLED OFF THOUSANDS OF THEIR OWN MEN!

END

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MAN IS MURDERED — BUT WHEN A FINGER-PRINT LEFT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME SHOWS HIS KILLER TO BE A MAN **DEAD** AND **BURIED**? FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TORCH AND TOBY AS THEY TRY TO UNRAVEL THIS FAST AND THRILLING MYSTERY IN THE TALE OF . . . . . .

"KILLER FROM THE GRAVE"

OUR STORY OPENS -- LATE ONE NIGHT . . .

AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT TIME HE CAME!

DANNY! DANNY - DON'T! I SWEAR I'LL MAKE UP TO YOU! . . . AGGH!

BANG

I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO DO IT THOUGH - HAS SOMEONE STAY THERE AND LET YOU GET AWAY WITH MY DOUGH?

STOP - OR I SHOOT!

COME! I'D BETTER GO BUT FAST? --

STOP, YOU!

HE GAVE US THE SLIP! I'VE GOT HIS LICENSE NUMBER ANYWAY!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING . .

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S MURDER! EXTRA!

IN A NEARBY APARTMENT, TWO WELL-KNOWN CRIME FIGHTERS . . .

RUFUS KING! HE'S THE FELLOW THAT FIGURED IN THAT SENSATIONAL INSANITY COMMISSION TRIAL LAST YEAR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! HE COMMITTED HIS NEPHEW TO THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM AND TOOK OVER HIS ESTATE!

WHAT A STIR THAT CAUSED! THE NEPHEW CLAIMED KING WANTED TO ROB HIM AND WHEN THE COMMISSION SENT HIM TO THE ASYLUM, THREATENED TO KILL . . . HEY!

YEAH! I WONDER . . .

D'YOU SUPPOSE THE NEPHEW ESCAPED AND DID KILL HIM?

COULD BE! LET'S GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE WHAT THEY HAVE ON THE CASE!

OUR THEORY MAKES SENSE, TOO! I DARN NEAR DO THREATEN TO KILL HIS UNCLE!

YES! HE CLAIMED IN TOLD HE WAS SANE. SEVERAL PSYCHIATRISTS BACKED HIM UP, BUT THEY RUN HIM AWAY IN SOME OF IT!

THE MOTIVE IS THERE!

WE'LL SEE! THERE'S HEADQUARTERS BELOW!

CHIEF BOLTON'S OFFICE . . .

YOUR HUNCH WAS WRONG, TORCH! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TO GO ON - JUST THE MURDER CARS PLATE NUMBER! I'M WAITING FOR THE CHECK-UP NOW!

I'LL CHECK UP ON DANNY KING! HELLO OPERATOR, GET ME . . .

THE FREEDMORE STATE HOSPITAL . .

TORCH? OUR RECORDS SHOW DANNY DIED RAVING ON THE HEAD OF A FRACTURED SKULL! MADE OUT THE DEATH CERTIFICATE AND ARRANGED FOR THE DISPOSITION OF THE BODY!

HUMMM! THANK YOU!

THERE GOES OUR LEAD! DANNY DIED THREE MONTHS AGO!

ALL WE CAN HOPE THEN IS THAT THE CAD CAN BE TRACED . . HELLO . . YOU FOUND THE CAR? GOOD! GO OVER IT FOR PRINTS! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

MINUTES LATER . .

HOW ABOUT IT, LEW? ANY FINGER-PRINTS?

GOOD! LET'S MAKE A QUICK CHECK!

ONE THUMB-PRINT CLEAR AS A BELL! BOTH ON THE STEERING WHEEL!

LATER — AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH THROUGH THE FILES . .

THAT WAS THE LAST CARD! THAT DON'T DOESN'T CHECK WITH ANY PRINTS IN THE FILE!

NOT QUITE! SOME-ONE'S BEEN ROLLED - BY ME EVER SINCE I WAS BORN!

TOO BAD! FOUR OF THE CAD'S PRINTS MATCH THE ONES ON FILE!

YOU NEED A COMPLETE AND SEPARATE FILE ON MENTAL CASES, DON'T YOU?

CERTAINLY! WE NEED THEM IN CASE ANY INMATE ESCAPES AND RUNS AMUCK!

THEN COME ON! WE'RE CHECKING THIS DOWN AGAINST A FELLOW NAMED DANNY KING!

LATER --- A STARTLING DISCOVERY . . . .

BY GOLLY! THIS LOOKS GOOD! CHECK WITH DANNY KINGS! BUT HOW--? IT CAN'T BE!

NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE KING! AND KNOW WHOM TO GO TO FOR THAT!

LOCATE KING? I HAVE "DANNY KING" RIGHT HERE! DANNY KING IS DEAD!

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT HE'S ALIVE!

REEDMORE STATE HOSPITAL . . .

IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE FREEDMORE STATE HOSPITAL! I WANT TO TALK WITH THE DOCTOR WHO SIGNED DANNY'S DEATH CERTIFICATE!

HEY! WHO D'YOU THINK -- OH! IT'S YOU, TORCH!

I WANT DOCTOR HART! WHERE'LL I FIND HIM?

HE'S OFF DUTY NOW. PROBABLY FIND HIM IN HIS ROOM!

THANKS! COME, FORD!

HERE'S HACK'S ROOM! I'LL FLAME IN ON HIM AND GIVE HIM A GOOD SCARE!

TORCH! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

JUST A LITTLE INFORMATION, DOCTOR HACK!

HOW MUCH DID DAFFY PAY YOU TO DECLARE HIM DEAD?

WHAT? YOU MUST BE MAD! DAFFY IS IN HIS GRAVE RIGHT BEHIND THE HOSPITAL!

ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T FIND AN EMPTY COFFIN AND SIMULATE A VERY LIVE DAFFY DU--?

H-HOW DID YOU--YOU--H-HOW?--I--I--YES! I DID SHUT-- IT WAS ABOUT TO SNEEZE!

I THOUGHT SO! HOW DID YOU GET THE NERVE TO BARGAIN AWAY THE RIGHTS TO DISPOSE OF MY BODY? I THOUGHT THE INSTITUTION HEAD DID THAT!

I'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME - THEY TRUST ME! I'D TOLD THEM I HAD BROWN KIND OF DANDY AND WISHED TO HAVE THE BURIAL ARRANGEMENTS!

I SEE I'VE COME JUST IN TIME TO SEE YOU BOUNCED FROM THE FORCE! WHERE'S DANNY NOW!

SHUT UP! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS HERE! STATE NOTE! BOOM 23!

DANNY RECEIVES VISIONS . . .

DROP THE GUN, DANNY! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!

TORCH!

LATER -- WHEN DANNY HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO CHIEF BOLTON . . .

ONE THING I'D LIKE TO KNOW! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA TO CHECK THAT PRINT AGAINST DANNY'S?

WHEN I CHECKED WITH THE HOSPITAL ON DANNY, THE NURSE TOLD ME SOMEONE HAD BEEN THERE AND TAKEN A PRINT OF HIS RIGHT THUMB!

RIGHT AGAIN! MR. BRAINS! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

STOP WISE-CRACKING! WE'VE A JOB TO FINISH!

DANNY PROVES NO MATCH FOR HIS FLAMING DETECTIVES...

A CHEVIED DANNY DON'T KNOW WHO HOLD DAT - DEE'S THE CHAIR!

I DON'T SEE WHAT HE STAND TO GAIN!

DEE BE HERE AND EVER-BODY ELSE DOWN AT THE ANTHONY!

SO ?

THE DISPOSAL OF A SUSPECT'S BODY IS NO PROBLEM WHEN THE BODY IS NEVER FOUND! ALL HEADS NEVER THAT --- DANNY'S DEAD - JOE'S TUBE'S GONE, HE TAKE HIS JACK'S LIFE, UNDER THE SEA - OUT!

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THEY DIDN'T WANT THIN MEN. THEY DIDN'T WANT TALL MEN. THEY WANTED "SHORT, FAT MEN LESS THAN FIVE FEET FIVE INCHES IN HEIGHT"! AN ODD CLUB, INDEED - BUT WHAT STRANGE BUSINESS WAS TRANSACTED BEHIND ITS LOCKED DOORS? *CAPTAIN AMERICA* AND *BUCKY* START AN INNOCENT INVESTIGATION, AND END UP IN A FURIOUS DEATH-BATTLE TO LEARN THE SECRET BEHIND

FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS!

NOON HOUR ON A BUSY METROPOLITAN AVENUE.

TIME FOR LUNCH, BUCKY!

RIGHTO, STEVE!

BE OFF NOW! WE HAVE NO SUCH TENANT!

B-BUT I TELL YOU THEY WERE HERE!

OH YOUR WAY, MISTER! I'M TIRED OF ARGUING!

OOF! EXCUSE ME!

HEY! EASY, FELLOW!

WHAT A NUT! FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS, WHAT?!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! BOORISH CHAP, THAT SUPERINTENDENT!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE, FRIEND?

LET'S TALK ALL THIS OVER IN A RESTAURANT!

AND AS THE THREE RETIRE TO A NEARBY EATING PLACE, THE FAT MAN BEGINS A STRANGE TALE...

MY NAME, GENTLEMEN, IS JONATHAN MORTIMER AND I AM A MORTICIAN BY TRADE! THE WHOLE AFFAIR BEGAN SIX WEEKS AGO WHEN...

...MY NEWLY HIRED ASSISTANT EXCITEDLY INTERRUPTED ME WHILE I WAS BARBALKING ONE OF MY LATEST CUSTOMERS...

WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT, BREESE?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ADVERTISEMENT IN TODAY'S PAPER BOSS?

NOTICE

To the Fraternity of Fat Fellows: The executors of the estate of the late John Bollins announce that a vacancy in said society exhibits an eligible member for a salary of $100 a week for nominal services! All men weighing over 300 lbs. and less than five feet five inches in height may apply at 77 Dunkill Lane...

Advt.

"A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS..."

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. MORTIMER! AND REMEMBER, YOUR DUTIES CONSIST OF BEING IN THIS OFFICE EVERY DAY TILL NOON HOUR! OUR LATE BENEFACTOR LEFT HIS ESTATE FOR THE WELFARE OF PORTLY MEN!

FOR SIX WEEKS I REPORTED TO THE OFFICE AND MY WORK WAS TO COPY THE TELEPHONE BOOK...

TODAY I RECEIVED THIS LETTER SAYING THAT THE FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS IS DISSOLVED!

PROBABLY SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

AFTER LEAVING THE PORTLY MORTICIAN...

NO BUCKY, IT'S NOT SOMEONE PLAYING A PRANK ON MR. MORTIMER! HMMMM! THERE MUST BE A MOTIVE BEHIND SUCH ELABORATE PLANS!

I WONDER WHAT MR. MORTIMER'S PLACE LOOKS LIKE!

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED! WE'VE SOME SLEUTHING AHEAD OF US!

NOW WE'RE ON THE BEAM! LET'S ROLL!

WHA...?? CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS SIDEKICK...? THE BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

BANK

OUR CHUBBY FRIEND IS DOING A LIVELY BUSINESS!

SUDDENLY THE AIR IS RENT BY THE DEEP STACCATO COUGH OF UNLEASHED DEATH!

DUCK, CAP!

WHEW! NEARLY CAUGHT ME WITH MY SHIELD DOWN!

LOST YOUR TOY GUN? NOW LET'S PLAY MY WAY!

HANG ON LADY!

...AND CAP PLUMMETS HIS WAY INTO THE HEARSE TO JOIN BUCKY!

OW!

ugh!

COMIN THROUGH THE RYE!! ONE SIDE!!

IN THE CLOSE CONFINES OF THE INTERIOR OF THE HEARSE CAP MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE THUGS!!

ALLRIGHT YOU CUTTHROATS! THE PARTY'S OVER!

POW!

CRACK!

YOW!

WE — WE DON'T KNOW HIS NAME! HE'S CALLED THE **CHAMELEON**! WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIS REAL FACE!

TALK **FAST** RAT! WHO HIRED YOU?

BUT... INSIDE THE HEARSE, A SIXTH SENSE WARNS CAP AND...

MEANWHILE, THE PANIC-STRICKEN DRIVER SETS THE HEARSE IN MOTION AND MAKES A WILD JUMP FOR SAFETY!

I HATE TO DO THIS TO MY PALS, BUT THE BOSS'LL THANK ME FOR GETTIN RID OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!

JUMP BUCKY... **JUMP!**

THE RUNAWAY HEARSE, CAREENING CRAZILY, PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM!

CRASH!!

TOO BAD WE COULDN'T SAVE THE MEN IN THAT HEARSE, BUCKY! BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST--THE CHAMELEON IS INSIDIOUSLY CLEVER!

WELL, I'M HOT! I DON'T GET THIS! BUT I SEE WE'RE BACK AT THE MORTUARY!

BACK TO TOWN GOES THE DUO...

MMMM--NOT HOLLOW AT ALL! MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE!

WHAT'S NOT HOLLOW? WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?

TAP!

IT'S JUST A THEORY LAD--BUT HE'LL SOON SEE IF IT'S A FACT!

THEORY OR FACT--I'M STILL IN THE DARK!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LONELY HOUSE OF THE DEAD, THE CHAMELEON AND HIS UGLY CREW DISCUSS THEIR PLANS...

WE'RE READY FOR THE BIG JOB TONIGHT! THE FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS WAS AN EXCELLENT DEVICE FOR OUR PURPOSE! I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UP NOW!

BUT WHAT ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA?

THE BOYS HAVE ELIMINATED CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS JUNIOR PARTNER! THEY WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN... UH-OH! OUR LOOKOUT'S SIGNAL... WE'VE GOT VISITORS! INTO THE CASKETS, MEN AND PLAY DEAD!

IN THE INTERIM, CAP AND BUCKY HAVE GAINED ENTRANCE TO THE MORGUE...

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! MR. MORTIMER AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE MISSING... AND THOSE THUGS TRIED TO STOP US FROM INVESTIGATING THIS PLACE!

UGH! THIS PLACE IS CREEPY!

JUST A LOT OF DEAD PEOPLE, CAP... AND THEY LOOK PLENTY DEAD TO ME!

THAT'S STRANGE... I WAS SURE I'D FIND THE ANSWER DOWN HERE!

SUDDENLY:

WELL WELL! WELCOME! WHAT BRINGS THE RENOWNED CAPTAIN AMERICA TO MY HUMBLE MORTUARY?

MR. MORTIMER WHERE IS YOUR ASSISTANT?

M-MY ASSISTANT? W-WHY HE'S IN B-BED! I BELIEVE... UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM!

WE'LL SOON SEE -- TAKE US TO HIS ROOM!

HMM-M? I CAN SEE THE OUTLINE OF HIS SHOES UNDER THE BLANKET!

WAKE UP, BREESE! WE'VE GOT VISITORS!

WHAT'S A MATTER, HUH?

CAPTAIN AMERICA WANTS TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...

NEVER MIND! I-- I GUESS IT WAS RUDE OF ME TO DISTURB A SLEEPING MAN!

THEN IN THE **REAR** OF THE MORTUARY CAP AGAIN STRIKES THE GROUND-TO BUCKY'S CONTINUED BEWILDERMENT....

AHA! SO **THIS** IS THE DIRECTION THEY'RE RUNNING IT!

CAP! WILL YOU **PLEASE** EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT?

TAP! TAP! TAP!

FIRST MR. MORTIMER AND HIS FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS... THEN WE'RE ATTACKED BY THUGS... THEN YOU POUND THE GROUND IN **FRONT** OF THE MORTUARY...

THEN WE FIND THE ASSISTANT IN BED WITH HIS SHOES ON... NOW YOU POUND THE GROUND IN THE **REAR** OF THE MORTUARY! WHAT'S COOKING-??

YOU'LL SOON KNOW, BUCKY!

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS, MR. MORTIMER! HOW LONG AGO DID YOU HIRE YOUR ASSISTANT?

WAY... ONLY A WEEK BEFORE THE BUSINESS OF THAT FRATERNITY OF FAT FELLOWS OCCURRED.

AND HE CONDUCTED YOUR BUSINESS DURING YOUR FOUR-HOUR ABSENCE EACH DAY?

YES, HE IS VERY CAPABLE! HE EVEN CONSTRUCTED A NEW STORAGE ROOM — I HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET, HOWEVER!

THAT'S THE ANSWER! COME ON, LAD!

BLESS MY SOUL! WHAT'S THE HURRY?

ACTION AT LAST! YA-HOO! LEAD ON, CAP!

JUST AS I THOUGHT... A **TUNNEL!** AND THERE'S THE CHAMELEON!

SO **THAT'S** WHY YOU POUNDED THE FLOOR! YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A TUNNEL!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AM I DETAINING YOU BOYS?

PLUG HIM! **GET HIM!**

HYYEE!

@#&!

TAG! YOU'RE IT!

BOOF!

BAM!

HOK!

CAP! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU...!

TIE 'EM UP MEN!

UGH!

POK!

OOCH!

LUCKY'S WARNING IS TOO LATE FOR...

THE TWO VICIOUS BLOWS RENDERING THEM SENSELESS, CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND THEMSELVES BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND BEING CONVEYED ON A BELT OF METAL ROLLERS TOWARD A ROARING FURNACE!

YOU BOYS WONDERED WHY I CONSTRUCTED THIS BELT... NOW YOU KNOW THE ANSWER! WITH THESE MEDDLERS OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN FINISH THE BANK JOB! **HURRY!**

KEEP COOL, LAD! WE'RE NOT IN SUCH A HOT SPOT!

NO, CAP—BUT ME SOON WILL BE!

AS THE CHAMELEON'S MOB DERIDES, CAP'S KEEN EYES DETECT AN EXPOSED ELECTRIC WIRE...

DO SOMETHING, CAP—AND **FAST!** WE'RE GETTING CLOSER!

...CAP'S TRIGGER QUICK BRAIN SNAPS HIS BODY INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION! GRIPPING THE WIRE IN HIS TEETH, HE DRAWS THE EXPOSED ENDS DOWN TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ONE OF THE METAL ROLLERS, SHORT-CIRCUITING THE MECHANISM AND STOPPING THE CONVEYER!

YIPPEE! CAP! THE ROLLER'S **STOPPED!**

[PUFF] MADE IT!

USING THE HEAT OF THE FURNACE FLAMES TO SINGE THE ROPES BINDING THEM, CAP AND BUCKY ARE SOON FREE!

HEAR THOSE FOOTSTEPS, BUCKY? THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY!

I'M READY FOR THEM, CAP!

WELL WE GOT THE DOUGH AND... BEDW!

NOT SO FAST WITH THAT GOLD BOYS... I OWE YOU A DEBT!

HOW DID THEY GET LOOSE??

A PAIR OF RAGING TORNADOES GETS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

AND I'M BEING OFF RIGHT NOW!

WITH INTEREST!

AS THE CHAMELEON DESPERATELY TRIES TO ESCAPE THE FORCE OF CAP'S BLOW LOOSENS HIS DISGUISE...

NO YOU DON'T!

REVEALING MR. MORTIMER'S ASSISTANT BREESE!

AGHHHH! DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE!! I SURRENDER!

NOW YOU CAN WRITE OUT A STATEMENT FOR THE POLICE TELLING HOW THE FAT FELLOW'S FRATERNITY WAS JUST A BLUFF...

...TO GET ME MOST WEEK OUT OF THE MOST LABOR A FEW HOURS A DAY SO YOUR HENCHMEN COULD DIG A TUNNEL TO THE FLOOR OF THE BANK VAULT!

I GUESS I WASN'T SO CLEVER AFTER ALL!

AFTER...

A LITTLE MORE EXCITEMENT LIKE THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND I'D SOON BE ABLE TO JOIN A SOCIETY FOR SKINNY SCOUNDRELS!

The End

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

The Case of the ACCUSING HAND!

THE CITY HOSPITAL

HMM... I WONDER WHY DR KELLER WANTS TO SEE ME PEPPER?

HE'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!

I'M WORRIED, MIKE! LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO THE HOSPITAL'S ENTIRE SUPPLY OF RADIUM WAS STOLEN! YOU KNOW HOW BADLY WE NEED IT!

WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF IT?

NURSE MARY RICHARDS AND INTERNE HANSEN! THEY REPORTED THE LOSS, BUT AT THE MOMENT ARE ASSISTING WITH AN OPERATION!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER... THE NURSE AND INTERNE ARE QUESTIONED...

YOU BOTH ARE UNDER SUSPICION! IN FACT NO ONE IS TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL!

SUDDENLY...

OKAY, MIKE... BLACK OUT!

SHELL PEPPER! YOU CAN TURN THE LIGHTS UP NOW. DR KELLER IS THE THIEF! HE STOLE THE RADIUM AND THEN TRIED TO PIN IT ON RICHARDS AND HANSEN!

I DON'T GET IT! HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?

TURN PAGE UP-SIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION...

MANHUNT

THE pack-horse had been unhobbled and turned loose, the camp looked much as if a good healthy tornado had struck it and gone wild, and the note warned, "Get out of the country or I'll kill you both!"

Henry viewed it all thoughtfully, aware that Mr. Hawkins had retired to the security of the near-by woods. It didn't make much sense to Henry, but then he'd sort of thought all along this business of hunting for a man who, evidently, wanted to be left alone was nutty in the extreme.

"And you say Will Clayton is an old guy?" Henry asked, turning toward the vague sight of Mr. Hawkins' thin, stooped body. "Maybe it's time we were a little more specific. What's he like? And what's the idea of running around in the wilderness like this looking for him?"

"He's middle-aged. Perhaps a little over." Mr. Hawkins' voice sounded muffled. "I guess he knows how to handle a gun. Sorry I didn't mention that before. And—he used to be a business partner of mine. We weren't doing too good when Will pulled out, and since then I've done a good deal better. In fact, so well that I want to make good some of the money he invested."

"It still doesn't add up." Henry grumbled, shifting his lanky body up he could see down the slope into the valley. His keen eyes surveyed the half-hidden country before him. Wild country, a part of the world where few white men had ever gone. Henry said, "Will Clayton must have gotten a look at us before now. And if he did, how come he's so dead set against meeting you again? And if he's doing this just for the fun of it, I guess I haven't got a sense of humor. All I can say is the quicker I find him, and you pay off so I can go back home, the better I'll feel."

* * * * *

THE next morning Henry rode out alone, rounded up and returned the pack-horse and hobbled it. Mr. Hawkins was lounging in the woods, and when Henry approached camp he ventured to poke into the shadows still further. His black eyes were strangely uneasy and Henry decided that Mr. Hawkins had probably had enough of his search already.

Instructing him to stay near camp to be sure nothing further happened to what few supplies they had remaining, Henry rode off into the hills again. His employer hadn't been sure where he'd find Will Clayton, or that he'd find him at all. He'd had only a general idea of the part of the country Will had disappeared into. Because Henry knew this wilderness land, Mr. Hawkins had agreed to pay him for the job of finding Will Clayton. And Henry needed that money. There were so many things needed fixing at the ranch, since he'd been away, that it wasn't funny. Yes, the money would come in very handy. And Mr. Hawkins wasn't stingy, either.

It was still and cool in the hills. Keeping to cover as much as possible, Henry pushed ahead. He wasn't quite sure what he was looking for, and knew he must be constantly on the lookout.

It was when he was resting that afternoon that he saw the glint of light on the high hill top across the valley. And since Mr. Hawkins had remained behind at camp it was fair to assume the reflection of light was caused by the barrel of a rifle, perhaps a pair of binoculars, in the hands of someone else.

* * * * *

AS SWIFTLY as possible Henry urged his horse down into the valley and up the other side. Luck was with him, for near the summit of the hill he discovered Will Clayton.

He looked much as Mr. Hawkins had described him. Rather small, a little bent over. His face was not sharply, his cheeks coming up to determined mounds beneath the tanned skin of his face. And he was scanning the valley and hills opposite him with a pair of binoculars.

Carefully Henry approached on foot, the pack-horse carried on readiness. Where within forty feet or so, Henry paused, keeping carefully out of sight on the woods. He was only there a short time when he saw Will Clayton put the

glasses away, pick up a rifle and start down hill into the valley.

Henry followed. He knew by the way Will Clayton hurried, and the expectant attitude of the rifle in his hands, that he had seen something. Uneasily Henry remembered Mr. Hawkins, supposedly waiting at the camp to be sure nothing happened to their remaining equipment. And Henry realized Hawkins would probably be of little use if he were to encounter Will Clayton. Mr. Hawkins was a city man. Will Clayton evidently knew the hills. His rugged appearance substantiated that. If they should meet—

* * * * *

THEY did. Will Clayton hurried down into the valley and approached the stream. And as Henry worked swiftly closer, he saw what Will Clayton had evidently seen first.

Mr. Hawkins was kneeling on the far side of the stream, washing.

For a brief second Henry's heart thumped wildly in his throat. During that second Will Clayton slipped soundlessly to the edge of the willows. Then he stepped out, the rifle swinging forward in both hands.

Henry saw Mr. Hawkins leap erect. He stood in the tall meadow grass, arms hanging loosely at his sides. Will Clayton's voice sounded clearly.

"I warned you and your guide to stay away. I gave you a chance to get out of the country alive—"

"There's nothing to get excited about," Mr. Hawkins tried to explain. "If you'd just give me a chance—"

His hand flashed suddenly. At the same instant he flung himself aside into the grass. His hand ripped a gun from beneath his coat and he fired, the flat sound of the report coupled with his shout of defiance.

* * * * *

HENRY saw Will Clayton's hands release the rifle, saw it drop at his feet as his body went forward slowly. He stumbled, went down on hands and knees—

Mr. Hawkins leaped to his feet. He splashed through the stream, scrambled up the bank and stood over the fallen man, gun in hand.

"It's taken time," he snarled at the man on the ground. "But I had plenty of time to make up my mind to do it. I waited years for this chance, and now you're getting paid off. Only I'm giving you a better break than you gave me. I'm—killing you!"

His hand came up and he was squinting along the barrel of the revolver.

Henry moved swiftly, shaking off the lethargy gripping him. He jerked the carbine to his shoulder and fired. It was a spot-shot and the slug ripped through Mr. Hawkins' wrist, hurling the gun from his hand. He screamed sharply. His body twisted and he stumbled, floundered back down the bank and splashed into the stream. He hurled himself up the far side, started to run—

Again Henry fired. He didn't know why. It was all very mysterious, but he knew instinctively there was something wrong. Mr. Hawkins had shot Will Clayton down—

The second shot from the carbine stopped Hawkins. He plunged forward to the grass, rolled over, tried to gain his feet once more only to sink down trembling with pain.

* * * * *

WILL CLAYTON stirred carefully, grey eyes appraising the face of the young man above him.

"I forgot about you," Will Clayton admitted. "I was so anxious to beat Hawkins to the draw—"

"Too anxious," Henry answered quietly. "If someone will only tell me what this is all about. . . ."

Will Clayton sat up gingerly, leaned back against the trunk of a sapling. His eyes rested upon Mr. Hawkins' crumpled figure on the grass across the stream.

"Not much to it," the old man explained. "Hawkins hired you to lead him into this country. He knew I'd spent several vacations here and knew this was where I'd go after I had retired.

"You see, I was responsible for sending Hawkins to prison for fifteen years for a murder he was mixed up in. Recently he broke out and wanted to kill me for what I had done."

Henry drew a deep breath. Slowly the muddle inside his head was clearing up. "Back where I started from," Henry murmured. "I could have used the dough he was going to pay me, too. Of course, I didn't know the circumstances—"

"There'll be a reward on Hawkins' head," Mr. Clayton said gently. "That will go to you. And you can be sure of it this way. If Hawkins had killed me, he'd probably have killed you also, just so no one would know what he'd done."

"Two birds with one stone," Henry muttered. "Imagine. Me one of the birds!"

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN

"The Case of the BLONDE BOMBSHELL"!

WITH THE LIFE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ENTERTAINERS AT STAKE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DARE THE MENACE OF A TREACHEROUSLY CUNNING JAPANESE PLOTTER... WHO HOLDS IN HIS PALM THE POWER TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE WORLD!

ON A PACIFIC ISLAND A PLANE LANDS AT DAWN AND DISGORGES A CARGO OF U.S. ENTERTAINERS...
BETTER GET SOME SLEEP FOLKS... WE'RE PUTTING ON OUR SHOW FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!
I'M ACTUALLY SLEEPING ALREADY!

IT'S FLUFFY PLANE!
STOP KIDDING! WHAT WOULD THE B.I.'S HUMBLE ONE AN-UP BAIL AT DOING "HOOTENANNY" MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD?
U.S.O. ENTERTAINERS TRAVEL ANYWHERE TO CHEER UP THE SOLDIERS -IT'S FLUFFY PLANE ALL RIGHT!
MAYBE IT LOOKS LIKE HER, -BUT I'LL BET THIS BUNNY IT SAYS!

WELCOME, MISS FLUFF! IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN ON US!
SAY!

I'LL TAKE THAT DOWN, MAC!

...BUT AS FLUFFY PLANE WALKS TOWARDS HER BARRACKS, A SINISTER FIGURE CROUCHES IN THE SHADOWS...
I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS!

SUDDENLY!

HELP!

STEVE, DO YOU—

I DO! —COME ON!

PUT HER DOWN, YOU—

HOLY MACKEREL! HE'S A JAP!

YES! CLEVER JAP!

WATCH OUT BUCKY!!

OH, I C-CAN'T SEE!

A A SMOKE BOMB!

COME, MISS FLAIR. I... CAPTAIN CATT!... HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON SUCH STUPID FOOLS!

TEN MINUTES LATER.

SOLLY! IT'S JUST AS IF THEY WERE SWALLOWED UP BY THE NIGHT!

NOT A TRACE YET. BUT WE CAN'T GIVE UP!

SOON.

CAP! CAP! THERE'S ONE OF FLUFFY FLAIR'S SHOES!

THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY!

LET'S HOPE NOT!

SOME MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE SMOKE HAVE WORN OFF...

HE WENT OFF IN THIS DIRECTION, BUCKY!

IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY TOUGH TO FOLLOW HIM!

THOSE JAPS MUST HAVE A VERY SPECIAL REASON FOR KIDNAPPING FLUFFY FLAIR! THEIR AGENTS MUST HAVE FOLLOWED HER CAMP TOUR VERY CAREFULLY!

WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, BUCKY!

MEANWHILE, IN A CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED CAVE

AH, CAPTAIN CATTI! YOU HAVE FLUFFY FLAIR.

YES, POOL! TAKE HER INSIDE IMMEDIATELY. THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!

HURRY! THEY WILL SOON MISS HER AT THE CAMP IF IT BECOMES TOO SUSPICIOUS, OUR PLAN WILL FAIL!

IF ALL GOES WELL, WE WILL HAVE A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF EVERY AMERICAN GUN EMPLACEMENT ON THIS ISLAND!

WE ARE READY TO RELAY THE INFORMATION SO OUR BROTHERS CAN ATTACK!

I WILL HAVE IT FOR YOU BY TOMORROW MORNING! I SHALL NOT OVERLOOK A SINGLE DETAIL!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

WHY_THERE'S FLUFFY FLAIR!

SEEMS AS IF SHE JUST CAME OUT OF THAT CAVE!

WHERE'S THAT JAP?

JAP? OH, HE JUST LET ME DOWN A FEW MINUTES AGO AND REMOVED THE GAG FROM MY MOUTH! THEN HE LEFT!

I-I L-LOST MY SHOE!

YOUR SHOE? —WHY ME....

QUIET, BUCKY!

YOU STAY WITH HER TILL I COME BACK!

SOON...

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HAPPY LADY-SNATCHING, JAPPIE!

UGH!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

YOU'D BETTER GET A RED TRAFFIC LIGHT!

CARED ABOUT HIS PAL, BUCKY RUSHES IN TO HELP!

SAVE A FEW PIECES FOR ME, CAP!

BUT CAPTAIN CATTY SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND AND...

WHEN YOU FIGHT JAPANESE, YOU MUST HAVE EYES IN BACK OF YOUR HEAD, TOO! HAH!

CRACK!

MISS FLAIR'S SHOE IS MUCH TOO SMALL FOR THE GIRL I LEFT OUTSIDE! YOUR GIRL LOOKS, ACTS, SPEAKS THE SAME, THOUGH YOU COACHED HER WELL!

SWIFTLY, THE JAPS OVERPOWER BUCKY AND...

BY MORNING, I WILL HAVE FULL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR FORCES... BECAUSE FLUFFY FLAIR WILL HELP US!

HOT FLUFFY FLAIR! YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT HER IMPERSONATOR!

YES, WHEN THE IMPERSONATOR ENTERTAINS, I WILL WATCH FROM A HIGH TREE! HER ARM AND LEG MOTIONS WILL BE IN A SPECIAL CODE. WE WILL LEARN ALL ABOUT YOU!

LOCKED IN A BRICK-WALLED ROOM, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LET PRECIOUS HOURS SLIP BY...

WE CAN'T SET OUT! SEE! IN THAT PHONY BLONDE TIPS OFF THE JAPS, THE LIVES OF OUR BOYS WON'T BE WORTH A DIME!

A DIME! THE DIME I WON FROM YOU!

THAT HEAVY DOOR IS SET IN A WOODEN FRAME AND THE SCREWS ON THE HINGES ARE INSIDE! I CAN USE THE DIME AS A SCREW DRIVER!

THEY'RE OUT!

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERFUL FINGERS SWIFTLY LOOSEN THE HINGES, AND.....

YOU'RE GONNA BE OUT TOO!!

Yeeeee!

SWIFTLY THEY WRECK THE JAP WIRELESS, THEN...

YOU GET THE REAL FLUFFY FLAIR I'M GOING AFTER CAPTAIN CRITT!!

RIGHT, CAP!

MEANWHILE...

AH! THE U.S.O. SHOW IS STARTING SOON! MY SPY WILL TAKE FLUFFY FLAIR'S PLACE!

I-I'LL KILL....

H-HAVE MERCY!

SUDDENLY!

SURPRISED?

JUST THEN, BUCKY AND THE REAL FLUFFY FLAIR ARRIVE TO SEE...

YIPPEE! CAP TOOK CARE OF THAT JAP, ALL RIGHT!

ARGHHHH!

CATTY'S NECK IS BROKEN AND OUR BOYS CAN TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER JAPS. LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

HOLD EVERYTHING! THOSE MOTIONS WON'T DO ANY GOOD. HERE'S THE REAL FLUFFY FLAIR!

HUH?

FLUF
FLAI

I-I'M AN AMERICAN! THE JAPS CAPTURED MY BROTHER AND MADE ME BECOME A SPY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

NOTHING! THE JAP MENACE IS ENDED... AND MISS FLAIR IS SAFE...

THANKS TO CAPTAIN AMERICA, YOUR HERO... AND MY HERO!

SMACK!

BOY! IS CAP'S FACE RED... FROM LIPSTICK!

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